Lau. Who bare my letter then to *Romeo?*
John. I could not send it, here it is againe,
Nor get a Messenger to bring it thee,
So fearefull were they of infection.
Lau. Unhappy fortune, by my brotherhood
The letter was not nice, but full of charge,
Of deare import; and the neglecting it
May doe much danger. Frier *John* goe hence,
Get me an iron Crow, and bring it straight
Unto my Cell.

Exit.

John. Brother Ile goe and bring it thee.
Lau. Now must I to the Monument alone,
Within these three houres will faire *Juliet* wake;
She will beshrew me much that *Romeo*
Hath had no notice of these accidents:
But I will write againe to *Mantua*,
And keepe her at my Cell till *Romeo* come,
Poore living coarse clos'd in a dead mans tombe.

Exit.

Enter Paris *and his Page.*

Par. Give me thy torch boy, hence, & stand aloofe,
Yet put it out, for I would not be seene:
Under yond young trees lay thee all along,
Holding thy eare close to the hollow ground,
So shall no foot upon the Churchyard tread,
Being loose, unfirme, with digging up of graves,
But thou shalt heare it: whistle then to me,
As signall that thou heares't something approach.
Give me those flowers, doe as I bid thee, goe.
Page. I am almost afraid to stand alone
Here in the Churchyard, yet I will adventure.
Par. Sweet flower, with flowers thy bridall bed I strew:
O woe, thy Canopy is dust and stones,
Which with sweet water nightly I will new;
Or wanting that, with teares distill'd by mones,
The Obsequies that I for thee will keepe,

Nightly